



This Noble is surely a noble good feller,
The key of his heart—and the key of his cellar—
Are free to each Noble who's worthy the name,
And the Arabic order is, "I'll take the same!"
His Fez is a little bit rakishly worn,
But he isn't a rake—he's a crib for the corn!



THE WEARING OF THE FEZ

"It was a wise Arab who said: 'Never wear your Fez into a place where you wouldn't want to be raided.'"

When we dream of banquets olden
when flowed the vintage golden,
And your thirst would drain the mammoth ditch that runs across Suez,
'Tis a good time to remember every Noble is beholden
To maintain with loyal scruple the high honor of his Fez.

Every son of old Aleppo is as full of zip and pep, oh!
As Lord Byron's hero Beppo, and his red Fez wears to show
That his head is full as level as the truly modern Devil, —
But God's own fire of Friendship warms the heart that beats below.

Every carking care we'll tether when good fellows get together,
Glad to laugh and live regardless of what grouchy Envy says;
But the wise world takes the straight tip from the Mystic Shriners whether
All due honor shall be given to the wearing of the Fez.



Say, this is the boy whose Fez saws off his ear;
He's the humorist guy—and his laugh ringeth clear,
And it stretcheth clear, too—clear back to the Fez,
And he cares not one hell's hoot what any one says!
Forgive him! On Life's journey's tortuous miles
We've need of the Shriner with heart filled with smiles.



This Noble's as noble's they make 'em—but slick!
If you knock off his Fez, you must do it darn quick!
At billiards or business, poker or pool,
Penny ante, sky limit—he's nobody's fool!
But he is a Shriner, and, world without end,
You'll find that a Shriner's a mighty good friend!



From that brimless felt lid,
—that red truncated cone,
That for centuries past as a Fez has been known,
You can read, from the way that each Noble is wearing it,
What kind of a vast dome of thought it is bearing it;
What manner of Noble it is you can glean
From the way that the tasseled Fez sits on his bean.



This friend wasn't there when they passed round the thatch,
And his head and his Fez are for size a bum match!
But the smile of the Shriner's a mighty good fit
On a face that with brotherly kindness is lit!
Let us hope that it also is lit by the good Old stuff that is drawn, and not made, from the wood!



This noble lord — pardon, this Noble, oh, Lord!
From tassel to nose looks most English —and bored,
But from nose pinched by monocle down to his chin,
He cannot conceal an American grin.
His Fez sits sedate as King George's best crown,
But the smile of a Shriner you cannot keep down!



His Fez resteth aisy, though tassel hang crazy—
What Temple tune plays he?—that dear Marseillais!
Though realms fight together and fall out again,
Here Friendship endures amongst all tribes of men.
We rub out all lines on each national border—
"Our country's the world" in the Arabic Order.



This Noble has thought off the most of his hair,
But his Fez hides the ivory — why should he care?
Where the beans of the first-nighters shine at the show,
He protects his cool pate from the spotlight's fierce glow;
But wherever the Crescent and Scimitar shine,
He bares his heart—Friendship is there at the shrine!



Here's a Noble that fought with the boys overseas,
If he says, "I will fix my Fez as I durn please,"
Who will dare to dispute him? He's primed for a scrap
When he fancies he's wearing his overseas cap;
If there's any more nonsense from Kaiser or King,
His Fez will be sailing right into the ring!



POSITION OF TEMPLES IN MEMBERSHIP JANUARY 1, 1922

1	Medinah, Chicago.....	20,810
2	Syria, Pittsburgh.....	15,540
3	Lu Lu, Philadelphia.....	14,840
4	Aleppo, Boston.....	13,754
5	Mecca, New York.....	11,069
6	Murat, Indianapolis.....	9,323
7	Moslem, Detroit.....	9,211
8	Islam, San Francisco.....	8,801
9	Ararat, Kansas City.....	8,328
10	Mohammed, Peoria.....	7,150
11	Aladdin, Columbus.....	7,105

LATEST REPORTS

on the Hospitals for Crippled Children

Contracts have been let by the Hospital Committee of the Imperial Council for buildings at St. Louis, Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Shreveport, and very shortly all of these units will be under way, with the expectation of finishing the San Francisco unit in time for the Imperial Council session in June. The central unit at St. Louis will be located at Euclid Avenue and Kings Highway, in close proximity to the Washington University. It will have eighty beds and will be under the supervision of Dr. Allison.

All other units will be of standard construction, each having fifty beds.

Dr. Forbes has been selected to head the Toronto unit when completed. Dr. Baldwin will be in charge at San Francisco and Dr. Cole at Minneapolis.

The Hospitals Committee have recently decided to accept no gifts of any kind where it is necessary to maintain the name of the donor, to the end that when completed the entire chain may be known as the Shriner's Hospitals for Crippled Children.

Negotiations are under way for other units in different parts of the country, the exact location of which will be determined at a later date.

Noble Walter E. Knight, Assistant Director, is on his native heath and will be with us at this Ceremonial and will put on his celebrated cage trick, showing the candidates how they can excel Houdini.

MY AUTO, 'TIS OF THEE

My auto, 'tis of thee, short road to poverty, of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you three years ago; now you refuse to go, or won't or can't.

Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride, a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, my nice white tires new; but now you're down and out for true, in every way.

To thee, old rattle-box, came many bumps and knocks, for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are the seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe.

Thy perfumes swell the breeze, while good folks choke and sneeze, as we pass by. I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion twice, now everybody's yelling "ice" — I wonder why?

Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plug has the pip, and woe is thine. I too have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since thou wert mine.

Gone is my bank roll now, no more 'twould choke the cow, as once before. Yet if I had the dough, so help me, John, I'd go and patronize the auto row, and speed some more.

While the Shrine is the "playground of Masonry," it doesn't mean that Shriners on festive occasions should play Bull in the Pen, Leap-Frog, or Prisoner's Base in and about public places. It is incumbent upon each of us to bear in mind under all circumstances and at all times that we belong to the highest degrees of Freemasonry, and that we owe it to the Fraternity as well as to ourselves to refrain from conduct that would bring reproach upon our grand institutions. It is a common belief with the "Profane" that the Shrine is a Masonic Order. They do not understand that it is not, nor that it has no part nor lot with Masonry, but is absolutely independent of it except that it requires that none shall be members of it save Masons of high degree. But Masonry, as well as other institutions composed of individuals, is invariably judged by the conduct and character of its component parts. Let us all, therefore, be careful of offending against the sensibilities of others, or by misconduct or lack of dignity bring reproach upon the Shrine, ourselves, or Masonry. Let us keep our Order clean and wholesome, and make it something useful not alone to its membership, but also of service to our fellow men, and let our light so shine that the world may see our good works and thereby win its appreciation and applause.

SHRINERS

Some people are as cold as ice,
And seldom ever mix
And consequently few would care
Were they to cross the Styx,
While Shriners grin and grasp your hand,
And call you Bill or Jack,
And that is why when they are gone
Their friends wish they were back.

Some people always have a grouch,
No smile e'er fits their face;
Nor does it matter where they are,
They're always out of place;
While Shriners are fine folks to know,
To meet them's worth one's while,
For though you feel down in the mouth
They shortly make you smile.

Some people seem to hate hard work,
But love to talk of creeds,
While Shriners try to prove their faith
By worthwhile work and deeds;
So wear the emblem and the fez
As often as you can,
And smile a smile that's well worth while,
And cheer your fellow man.

—Alonso Newton Bern.

THE PROVERBS SOUND FAMILIAR

What is home without another?
A fool and his honey are soon mated.
Eat your steak or you'll have stew.
Stays make wait.
As you sew so must you rip.
A lie in time saves nine.
One touch of nature makes the whole world squirm.
Matri-mony is the root of all evil.
Necessity is the mother of contention.
Sweet are the uses of diversity.
A word to the wise is resented.
Where there's a will there's a lawsuit.
Hell is paved with high pretensions.
Pride will have a Fall bonnet.
Pride goeth before and the bill cometh after.
There is no soak without some fine water.
Misery loves company, but company does not reciprocate.
Look before you sleep.
Many are called but few get up.
It's a strong stomach that has no turning.
Saint heart ne'er or won fair lady.
Silence gives consent.
People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.
Honor is without profit — in most countries.
A church fair exchange is robbery.
Fools rush in and win — where angels fear to tread.
Consistency, thou art a mule!
Economy is the thief of time.
A bird on a bonnet is worth ten on a plate.
Displays are dangerous.
The poor ye have with ye always — but are not invited.

ALLAH HAS THRICE BLESSED ALL SHRINERS

Blessed are the Shriners:
Because they can really be funny without being fresh.
Because the Shriner realizes that vulgarity is beneath his dignity.
Because the Shrine emblem gains instant recognition wherever worn.
Because the Shrine emblem is never worn where it ought not to be worn.
Because the Shriner's conduct is expected to set the standard for the world to follow.
Because the Shriner is at home in any Temple where'er he may roam.
Because his fez is his hall mark and he removes it for none.
Because there is no formality of introduction between Shriners.
Because the Shrine emblem worn by a woman places her under his special care and protection.
Because its presence does not give him license to speak, but compels unseen watchfulness for her safety.
Because, above all, the Shrine is called the "playground of Masonry" — and in our play let us conduct ourselves as Nobles, ever mindful of what the title implies.

THE SULKERS

The world's too busy now to pause
To listen to a whiner's cause;
It has no time to stop and pet
The sulkier in a peevish fret,
Who walls he'll neither work nor play
Because things haven't gone his way.

The world's too busy to implore
The beaten one to try once more;
'Twill help him if he wants to rise,
And boost him if he bravely tries,
And shows determination grim;
But it won't stop to baby him.

The world is occupied with men
Who fall but quickly rise again;
But those who whine because they're hit
And step aside to sulk a bit
Are doomed some day to wake and find
The world has left them far behind.

Noble Edgar A. Guest.

Eulogy to Maj. A. H. Hall, delivered by Rev. R. Perry Bush, D.D.

We all are mourners here today,
For he with whom we're called to part
Was such a tried and worthy friend
And held warm place in every heart.

He always wore a sunny smile
And radiated rare good cheer;
New joy was added to our lives
Where'er we were, and he drew near.

Of gentle, just, and kindly mien,
Discord and strife he drove away,
And won respect and love from those
Who worked with him or shared in play.

In our good friend we recognized
The man of honor and of truth,
The mind mature, the judgment wise,
Combined with never failing youth.

His home — to him the dearest spot
On all the earth — bore charm most rare,
And left a sense of mutual love
That ever reigned in blessing there.

In that that makes one truly such
An upright Mason too, was he,
Exemplifying in his life
The spirit of fraternity.

He was our "Major" in the Shrine,
And all the Nobles numbered there
Unite to lay upon his bier
A wreath of friendship rich and rare.

The love of man for man to me
Is deepest love that can be named;
And strong men wept when he passed out
And, weeping, they were not ashamed.

We bring our sympathy to those
Of inner circle of his love,
And in united prayer invoke
The help and comfort from above.

Good by, our Comrade, Brother, Friend!
The memory of thee is sweet!
Good by, but only for a while:
Good by — until again we meet

Aleppo Temple

Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine
Oasis of Boston Desert of Massachusetts

Take heed, Nobles:

Because on the 13th day
of the 9th Month, Rama-
dan, meaning in America

May 10, 1922

AT MECHANICS BUILDING
99 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON

Garrison Street Car Stop

will be held a

Regular Ceremonial

Doors open at 5 P.M.

Concert 5.30 to 6.30 P.M.

Business and Ceremony at 6.30 P.M.

Buffet Lunch 5 to 8 P.M.

Candidates report at West Newton Street
entrance at 5 P.M.

Concert at 5.30 P.M.

by
Aleppo Temple Band

Bandmaster, Noble Thomas M. Carter

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| 1. March — "En Avant" | Johann Gungl |
| 2. Pompeian Dance | Alfred Celler |
| 3. Waltz — "Hydropaten" | Josef Gungl |
| 4. Selection — "The Shogun" | Gustav Laders |
| 5. Gavotte — "Knights of the East" | Thomas M. Carter |
| 6. Two-Step — "Yoo Hoo" | Al Joslyn |
| 7. Fantaisie — "Bonnie Scotland" | Edward Hare |